

27.

He;

A

T A L E

O F A

6.

Bottomless T U B.

Affiduae repetunt, quas perdant, Belides undas.

Ovid. Metam.

*The Belides their leaky Vessels still
Are ever filling, and yet never fill.*

EUSDEN'S Translation.



L O N D O N :

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A

T A L E

O F A

Bottomless T U B.

IF Bards of old we may believe ;
Venus (one charming Summer's Eve)
Did thus accost her little Boy,
Her darling Son, her only Joy :
Come, *Cupid*, Child, let's haste away,
While wanton Breezes coolly play ;
Thus veil'd in Clouds from mortal Sight,
Downwards to Earth we'll take our Flight,
And spend below a live-long Night :
Let's see how Love now prospers there,
What Swains are true, what Damsels fair ;

What

What Youths are false, what Virgins coy,
 Who hug, who scorn the proffer'd Joy:
 Then throw amongst them Hopes and Fears,
 False Raptures, and dissembl'd Tears;
 The Seeds of causeless Jealousy,
 With Loads of Oaths and Perjury:
 While various Doubts do thus perplex
 The loving Fools of either Sex;
 We'll judge which most does win or lose,
 By Love's Free State, or Marriage-Noose;
 Which Sex does merit most Applause,
 Or conquers oftneft in Love's Cause;
 We'll each then give what Aid we can,
 To Woman I, and You to Man.
 For Man, says *Cupid*, I declare,
 And I, says *Venus*, for the Fair;
 I'll stake my Chariot and my Doves,
 That Woman still the Conq'rour proves.
 My Bows and Arrows, sacred Pledge!
 For Man, says *Cupid*, I engage:
 The little Archer scuds away,
 Still fond of Mischief, fond of Play;
 He calls the Train of little Loves
 To harness strait his Mother's Doves;

He

He brings the Chariot to the Door,
 Up mount the Bastard and the Whore ;
 Ambrosial Smells she does disclose,
 Such as when first from Sea she rose :
 While *Cupid* guides the heav'nly Car,
 And Doves glide swiftly thro' the Air ;
 A thousand Loves do wanton round,
 Like Elves at Night on Fairy-Ground,
 As quick as Thought to Earth they bend,
 And like a falling Star descend,
 We're in the dark as to the Place,
 Thus bless'd by this Celestial Race ;
 Some say *Cyprus*, and some say *Crete*,
 While others hold *Arcadia* sweet :
 But we'll suppose her, and her Train,
 Safe landed on some flow'ry Plain,
 Where Crowds of sporting Nymphs and Swains,
 By turns enjoy'd Love's Sweets and Pains ;
 Where limpid Streams and verdant Meads
 Do serve for Lovers Baths and Beds ;
 Where Winds in gentle Murmurs move,
 Provoking all to Sleep or Love :
 I'm sure 'twas some such happy Vale,
 The Name is foreign to my Tale :

Arriv'd, the Doves are loos'd to graze,
 And in a Thicket hid the Chaise :
 The God and Goddes stroll away,
 Nor caring how or where they stray,
 While little Loves chuck-Farthing play :
 They rang'd around from Field to Field,
 Prepar'd their Votaries to shield ;
 They pry'd into each shady Grove,
 And found that all were full of Love,
 All were toying, all were sporting,
 Nought but vowing, lying, courting :
 To love alone they sacrifice,
 And scorn all other Deities ;
 While this gay, happy Scene they view'd,
 Of squeaking Nymphs and Swains most rude ;
 O ho ! says *Cupid*, it must be,
 That Man has gain'd the Victory,
 For they're all uppermost you see.
 Trifler ! says *Venus*, you decide
 The Cause, before 'tis fully try'd :
 Pray, till the Battle's o'er, attend,
 Judge not rashly, but mark the End,
 'Tis that which all Events must crown :
 — Now, Sirrah, says she, — Who are down ?

He look'd aside, and found not one,
 Tho' mounted fure, but now was thrown :
 But while they argued in a Heat,
 If this fame Vict'ry was compleat,
 Sad Sobs, loud Sighs, and Groans, and Tears,
 From the next Grove surpriz'd their Ears ;
 Such mournful Accents, such a Tone,
 As spoke the Owner quite undone ;
 A Female's Voice the Goddefs knew,
 The Goddefs to her Rescue flew ;
 The little God as swiftly ran,
 To win his Prize and help his Man :
 When they came there, — a tender Maid,
 Half ravish'd, on her Back was laid,
 A Youth had pierc'd her to the Heart,
 And some way wounded ev'ry Part :
 The Nymph in broken Murmurs cry'd,
 Oh, Heav'n ! — my dear, — ! and then she dy'd,
 Now, Mamma, says he, to your Cost,
 You'll own the Wager fairly lost,
 Your Woman's dead — Alas ! poor Child,
 How soon is Innocence beguil'd !
 Says *Venus*, tho' you hear her mourn,
 She soon shall triumph in her Turn ;

Tho' he so hotly plays his Game,
 There's Water left to quench his Flame:
 The prostrate Nymph the God survey'd;
 Why what a Gash his Sword has made!
 I'll lay, says he, a thousand Pound,
 She can't recover such a Wound;
 The Nymph awaking from her Trance,
 Look'd as prepar'd for t'other Dance:
 Alive, says *Cupid*, then I find
 There is no trusting Woman-kind.
 To make short Work then with my Song,
 Tho' such a Tale can't be too long,
 The Youth asham'd to be subdu'd,
 With Vigour thrice th' Attack renew'd;
 As oft, poor Soul! he's forc'd to yield
 To the fair Nymph the well-fought Field;
 The God found all his Efforts vain,
 And cry'd, she must her Ground maintain,
 Who conquers still, tho' still she's slain:
 Again, how briskly she revives!
 No Cat fure has so many Lives:
 This Battle is a Mystery,
 When Death bestows the Victory:

One Skirmish more the Swain shall try,
 That in good earnest she may die:
 I have it now, — the Plot is found!
 I'gad she shall or yield, or drown'd;
 Immortal Vigour then he gave,
 And to a God thus rais'd a Slave;
 Love's choicest Spirits did supply
 His empty'd Veins, — she suck'd 'em dry;
 And all this mighty Show'r of Love,
 Did scarce a common wat'ring prove,
 A Deluge she could well receive,
 And faster take than he could give:
 Ods so! thinks he it Measure scants,
 Then strait an Inch or two he grants;
 Thus re-inforc'd afresh he charg'd,
 But as he lengthned she enlarg'd,
 A Couple more soon disappear:
 It pains you, says the Youth, my dear,
 A little more wou'd do no harm,
 The Damfel crys; — and shews her Arm:
 Ods Blood! says *Cupid* — if that's true,
 Not *Hercules* himself can do;
 The God out-witted, stamp'd and swore,
 His Wings he pluck'd, his Hair he tore;

Then raving round the Field he run,
 My Wager's lost and I'm undone ;
 No Arrow left to wound a Heart,
 My Power now's not worth one F—t ;
 To see him fret the Goddes's smil'd,
 And thus she calm'd her froward Child :
 One Tryal more I do allow,
 Before I claim your Darts or Bow,
 Exert your Pow'r, do what you can,
 And now or never help your Man ;
 If Victor in this Cause you prove,
 I'll yield to Man the Palm in Love ;
 No more shall Woman dare contend,
 Or Conquest o'er Mankind pretend ;
 Observe, says she, that Farmer's Yard,
 Which a fierce Mastiff chain'd does guard ;
 There stands a Pump — which does supply
 The House—to wash—or drink—when dry ;
 Now underneath a Tub there lies,
 Which if you fill you gain the Prize ;
 Fill me that Tub till it run o'er,
 And I'll make good the Oath I swore ;
 How ! *Cupid* cries, is that your Task ?
 An easier no Fool need ask ;

Agreed

Agreed, — I'll do it with a Jirk ;
 Fill that small Tub—a wond'rous Work !
 His Hands he hardens with a rub,
 And flies like Lightning to the Tub ;
 Of Conquest sure—with eager Haste,
 He strips himself quite to the Waist ;
 Then falls to work—the Water flows —
 He labours till he puffs and blows,
 The Water ne'er the higher rose :
 He pants—he sweats at ev'ry Pore,
 But still the Tub wou'd not run o'er ;
 The Water pours in plenteous Rills,
 The Tub receives, but never fills ;
 His Godship then began to swear,
 Zounds! what, no Water yet appear !
 He peeps, but finds it far from full,
 This makes him but the harder pull ;
 Thinks he I'll take a little Rest,
 It must be half full now at least ;
 He draws his Breath, then to't again,
 But found his Labour all in vain :
 At last he cunningly bethought him,
 To turn it up — and found no *Bottom*.

M O R A L.

That there's a Moral, all will hold,
Find it who can, my Tale is told ;
Sage is the Man, old Proverbs sing,
Who goes to the Bottom of a Thing ;
Of wise Experience none can fail
Who well examines such a Tale :
Let no Man dread its Depth profound,
He's certain not to run a-ground,
Where never Bottom yet was found.

F I N I S.



